

# THE JOHNSON JOURNAL



JUNE — 1952

JOHNSON HIGH SCHOOL

NO. ANDOVER, MASS.

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# THE JOHNSON JOURNAL

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## EDITORIAL



### FAREWELL

Last September I wrote my first editorial in the form of a welcome to the freshmen, and so it is appropriate that my last should be a farewell from the seniors.

Yes, very soon now the graduating class, after a fond glance of farewell, will turn to face the new horizons which await it. This is a good-bye message to other classes which, although they will remain at Johnson, are also facing the prospect of change and growth.

As the time for setting out approaches, we all look back upon the many happy memories which we have stored up. This is quite right, for the experiences of the past are indeed treasures to be enjoyed. However, we must then turn our thoughts expectantly towards the future with the even more priceless treasure in our hearts of Hope.

Diana Keach, '52

### WHAT ARE YOU STUDYING FOR?

The typical answer to this question is usually summed up in three words, "So I can go to work and get some money." This is the reply you would be given by 95 percent of America's best young people.

Of course, money is necessary to carry on a normal life. That is an established fact. But money is not the beginning and end of all existence. It is the over-insistence on money and other material things that paved the way for Stalin who would

substitute for spiritual things material ones.

Instead of conditioning youth as animals, as Hitler would have liked to do, the young people should be given an education which will stand for liberty to exercise the rights God gave us lest we yield to tyranny. Youth must also be made to realize one can not live by material things alone.

Education must train the human will as well as the mind. It must produce a free man. Education—good education—should instill in the minds of youth the fact that "man shall not live by bread alone." It should be dedicated to the proposition "For what doth it profit a man, if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his own soul." (Matt. 16:26)

Education should stress one basic fact which alone makes social living possible; man was created with one initial goal, to love and serve God in this world and to be happy with Him in Heaven. The time has come to bring back into our classrooms the Christian truths which form the basis of our existence.

Margaret Macklin, '55

### OUR GREAT AMERICAN HERITAGE

Our liberty isn't something that was just given to us. Men, women and children have had to die to attain and protect this heritage.



Even today this word, liberty, is the most beautiful and cherished word man has. Even now men are dying in far-off lands so the whole world can know the full, rich meaning of this word.

What is this thing called liberty that men are willing to fight and die for? To everybody it has a different meaning but to me is it the right to grow up and be what I want to be, and to have my own religious feeling and be able to express it the way I want to.

The first people to settle here in this country had no idea that some day this would be a free independent land where men could live a free life.

Our forefathers had to fight to throw off the mighty shackles of England before they could claim their liberty. After a bloody revolution the separate colonies tried to rule themselves. After a while they found out they would have to unite to retain their new-found freedom.

The colonies did unite, but at first they didn't have a strong enough union to maintain their liberty. After hard years the colonies drew up a constitution that even today, after a hundred and fifty years, remains the protector of our great American heritage, "Liberty."

Charles Harbolt, '53



## LITERARY

### DEFINITIONS

#### *Freshman:*

An existing substance contained in a high school for the sole purpose of providing a change of scene for the upper-classmen.

#### *Sophomore:*

An indifferent individual who saunters along with a Biology text under his arm and a "who knows, who cares" look on his face.

#### *Junior*

The frustrated "baby" of the upper-class who hates to see the seniors graduate but then remembers next year's varsity basketball team.

#### *Senior:*

An uncomparable specimen with a bow-tie, an armful of Physics, French, and Senior Social, and a pair of fallen arches.

#### *Study period:*

The most convenient time *not* to study.

#### *Football star:*

The idol of every girl, the person who thinks textbooks are used for improving

posture and the reason why mothers get gray.

#### *Character:*

What every college will ask you if you have before rejecting you because their school is too crowded.

#### *Typical baseball player in the 1952 uniforms:*

A walking laundry bag.

Dot Hoessler, '55

### FRITZ JUNIOR, THE GERMAN MEASLE

The March winds blew furiously outside the tiny speck-of-dirt home of Mr. and Mrs. German Measle the day Fritz Junior was born.

Junior's parents became very proud of their son as they saw him grow steadily into a strong, healthy bacteria as each second passed. In a matter of minutes Fritz was old enough to attend Orange-Peel Grammar School where he was taught reading, writing, and arithmetic.

One half hour had passed since Fritz's birth and he was eighteen years old. He had graduated from Ash-Can High School and received his draft notice.

After a year in the Army, Fritz was sent to the front lines at Johnson High School. After winning many medals, he was finally killed by a battalion of anti-toxins and white blood corpuscles.

His funeral was held in Measleville Memorial Cemetery where his friends and countrymen mourned over the loss of their hero, Fritz Junior, the German Measle.

Joan Valliere, '55

### THE MOVE!

Colors swam before my eyes in a hazy whirlpool! Which path to take, which way to turn?

Move! Move! Move! The words thundered through my brain, leaving me motionless in deep and confused meditation.

What would the outcome be? What would this path unfold? Destruction? Defeat? Helplessness? But the other direction? Perhaps there I would find honor, victory!

The colors became intensely confusing, moving, rotating, forming ridiculous optical illusions.

All at once the solution—like the reward at the end of a rainbow—appeared, quickened my hesitant hand.

Aha! A triple jump and the addition of a king eased the tension.

I had won my first game of checkers!

Dorothy Hoessler, '55

### HIDDEN TREASURE

I found her, this spring morn, sitting on the soft, fragrant grass. I, being weary from the tennis tournament, sat beside her, and we talked. Though she was only twelve and I a long time past my fourteenth birthday, we had many things in common . . . for she loved nature as I loved sports. We both found delight in all the simple things of beauty around us.

I wondered at her sitting here in the park while the other children practiced for the Grant Tennis Tournament at the Country Club on the following day. When I asked why she was not preparing for competition she answered that she found more pleasure here by herself, with

the breeze and warm sun making the day pleasant for her friends. It was true that she seemed as much a part of the scheme of things as anything Nature could have put there.

"How beautiful it is today," she said, and I agreed, for who can dispute the glory of a day in spring, the child of summer? I mused to myself how wonderful it was that even when spring matured into summer, ripened into fall, and died gracefully in the winter, the child would still be a living creature; a little older, true, but able once again to herald the approach of spring, another tennis season for me.

She told me of her life that day, and of the things she best liked to do—simple things, not concerned with man's inventions but rather with the things that grew around her. Then I told her how I lived to see how many ski-trophies I could win, how many golf tournaments I could conquer, how many people I could be victorious over in trap-shooting contests, and the number of tennis records I could break.

She made me notice the tangled texture of the grass, the feel of velvet petaled buttercups, and the caroling of birds above us. She named for me the names of all the birds by their calls and they, in flight, circled above her like a halo. Had I not been a stranger to them, I am sure they would have flown onto the child's shoulder. What marvels were at hand for her, so near! So near to us all, if we could but open our eyes to them as she opened her heart and mind to them. Oh how I envied her and how far the world of reality seemed to me that day. Oh, how much she taught that disillusioned heart of mine.

After a long while I rose to leave, for my coach was calling me. As I did, she took my hand, turned to me, and smiled. Words of farewell were not needed for we would surely meet again, to sit and talk as we had done that day.

As I left, a bird flew down from out the highest tree and perched upon her hand. Her laughter, at his silly flutterings, was like a crystal bell, and her face, as she turned it toward the sun, was flushed



with the rosy glow of the sinking sun. A drop of rain tumbled from the clouds onto her cheek. It lay like a shimmering pearl there, and all the colors of the closing day reflected themselves in the violet depths of her sightless eyes.

Roberta Bamford, '55

### WHY THE CHIPMUNK HAS STRIPES

Did you ever wonder why the chipmunk has three deep brown stripes on his back? It all started when the world had just begun. Mother Nature had not yet solved all her problems concerning the earth.

One day, as Mother Nature was busily instructing Sammy Elf to paint the tulips, she overheard two of the Forest Town inhabitants who were engaged in a bitter quarrel. Now an argument was not a common thing at this time because everyone was usually earnestly employed at one of the many tasks of embellishing his small world, so Mother Nature leaned just a little further out of the bushes so she might hear the voices more distinctly.

The intensity of the argument increased and the voices grew louder and louder and angrier and angrier.

"It's not right!"

"Yes, it is."

"No, it isn't."

"I can't sleep when Mr. Sun is sending his shining rays down on me, and you know you can't either."

"Yes, I can. I don't agree."

"No, you can't."

"Yes, I can and ——"

This was all Mother Nature could hear but Billy Bear and Johnny Chipmunk kept arguing. The controversy seemed to attract attention, and soon all the neighbors took sides.

One wisely suggested that Mother Nature be consulted, but those involved in the disagreement were growing steadily angrier and did not heed his words of advice.

It was at this opportune time that Mother Nature appeared. Silence prevailed.

"Now, what is this all about?" questioned Mother Nature.

Everyone shouted and resumed his position, ready to continue the bitter debate.

"Hush! Hush!" replied the kindly old soul called Mother Nature. "Billy Bear, just what is the matter?"

"Well," answered Billy with a triumphant look, "I can sleep wonderfully well in my home even though Mr. Sun does shine, but Johnny insists he can not. Isn't that foolish?"

"Johnny, is that true?"

"Yes, Mother Nature. I have a suggestion I would like to make."

"Yes, go on."

"You may not approve of the idea but I think you should draw a black curtain over the earth at sleeping time. We would all be able to sleep better."

"But who would pull the curtain over the earth at night?" the forest people asked. "Mother Nature has far too much to do already."

"That is not much of a problem," she explained. "Peter, the Sandman, shall do it. I'm sure he'll be willing to. The question is, do you want this thing called darkness?"

"Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes! No!"

"No!" shouted Billy Bear. "I won't have it. I protest."

"But the majority say 'yes,' Billy. I'm sure you'll like it," comforted the Mother of all nature. I shall adorn the curtain with bright twinkling little stars and make it prettier. Won't you like that?"

Everyone joyfully congratulated Johnny Chipmunk for his helpful suggestion which would make all the Forest Folk happier, that is, all but Billy. Billy Bear, of course, was not content and a poor loser.

"It's your fault, Johnny, you spoiled my sleep. There, take that!"

Billy stretched out his hand and pulled his claws down Johnny's back, leaving three chocolate stripes, and scampered off never to be seen again. And to this day chipmunks carry the autograph of the poor loser, Billy Bear.

Beverlee Thomson, '54

### THE SNOWFLAKE'S SURPRISE

Once upon a time there was a little snowflake. He lived in the heavens with all of the other children of Old Man Winter. Every winter he would go flying down to earth with all his brothers and sisters. How he loved this! It was like riding down a giant roller coaster.

But this little snowflake had one secret desire. He wanted to see earth in the summertime. He didn't like the cold winds of winter. Sometimes he would wake up (for you know snowflakes sleep in the summertime because they must work so hard all winter) and peek over the edge of his cloud bed to see a beautiful green world, warm and bright. Then he would go back to sleep and dream that he was there now, basking in the sunshine.

This particular winter everyone was busy preparing for the first snow. Old Man Winter was hurrying to and fro, trying to make sure everyone was ready. Our little snowflake, like his other companions, was being shined to within an inch of his life.

Finally all was ready. The little snowflakes began their long journey to earth. A few first and then more and more came, until the air was a mass of white. Each one formed a different pattern. This particular one was an almost perfect star.

They reached the earth and began to form groups. This is what our little snowflake most dreaded. It wasn't because he didn't like it here, but it was so cold and he would have to stand it all winter. He lay there for months, watching with amazement the human race. But presently he grew tired and, try as he would, could not keep from going to sleep.

When he awoke, he found his other companions gone. Why—it was spring! And he hadn't gone back with his little friends. Suddenly he made a startling discovery! He couldn't move. Then he discovered the reason. There was a long graceful stem connecting him with the ground.

He looked up at the sun. The beautiful golden lady he had admired so long was smiling down at him. "Your father,

Old Man Winter, has known for some time you were dissatisfied with your lot, so when you fell asleep here we decided to let you stay. We have adopted you. You are now a child of summer."

You see him every spring. He is one of the first flowers to appear. He is so anxious to see the beauty of the green grass and sunshine he loves, that he is out long before some of his other companions. Of course, we do not know that he is really a snowflake. But the name we give him is appropriate none the less. We call him the Star-flower.

Margaret Crotty, '53

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### THE OMEN

Harsh and rasping came the sound of breathing from the darkened room. Tossing and turning, the slight figure in the bed threw itself from one side to the other as the grating noise filled the room again.

The night wind howled outside, moaning and wailing to be let in to envelop the agitated boy in the bed.

Ever since a week ago Thursday, he had been turning and tossing back and forth, muttering and mumbling deep in his throat, until his figure was so emaciated as to cause only a slight elevation under the blankets.

As the night wore on, a worried face appeared in the doorway now and then, only to disappear as quickly as it had come. Sleep was the best thing for Jerry; but this wasn't sleep—that healing state—but an unnatural heavy slumber that wore out the boy instead of rebuilding his strength. Nothing more could be done—penicillin was combatting the germ and morning would tell the story.

As the sun's rays darted here and there on Jerry's twitching, pale hands, his eyes opened. A startling blue in his pasty white face, they looked around, tortured and bewildered. Then, as his eyes lit on the bright rays playing on his hands, he smiled for the first time since he had taken sick. The golden light was an omen of health and happiness to come.

Margaret Midgley, '52



### THE BUTTERFLY

With a small sigh the butterfly awoke, breathing in the sweet, delicate air of spring. She sprang out of bed, spread her gossamer wings, and flew out of her bedroom window, located in the petals of a daffodil.

This was her daily practice, for she loved the first moments of morning when Mr. Sun peeped over the waking countryside.

Now the barnyard nearby was rousing. Roland Rooster, the alert sentinel, was sounding reveille in quick succession of cockadoodle-doo's, while Rover scampered about, teasing the scolding hens.

The cows and other barn animals were heard stamping and kicking, impatient to be put out to pasture.

Farmer Brown goodnaturedly came strolling through the yard, whistling merrily to the dog.

"Yes, it is truly a wonderful day," sighed the contented butterfly.

She turned toward her home for a leisurely breakfast, when a huge shadow overcast the sky. A great giant, flourishing a net, was quickly overtaking her.

The butterfly flitted off, just barely dodging the net. She flew straight to her friend, the giant oak tree, who harbored her in his arms until all danger was past.

Still, the butterfly remembers the boy who has a passion for exhibiting butterflies, and breathes a sigh of relief for her narrow escape.

Dorothy Weingart, '55

### FIRE!

I awoke on the day of June 6, 1951. I got up, dressed and went to school. The Korean countryside all around me was drab and rocky. By the way my name is Sgt. J. Kilpatrick. I'm a rear gunner in a B-26.

After chow I went to headquarters. There, the C. O. gave me a briefing.

"You are to take off at 0800. You will reach your destination somewhere around 0900. You will bomb, strafe, and then return here. Any questions?" There was no reply. "Good. Now get going and good luck."

Yeah good luck. We needed it because 15 minutes before we reached our destination MIGS would be all around us.

We took off after warming up the plane, and climbed to 8,000 feet. It was a beautiful day. Sun shining and everything. We cruised along for about forty-five minutes without any sign of trouble, when all of a sudden a cry came over the inter-com phones.

"MIGS at 11 o'clock high. About 15 of them."

The top turret gunner and myself got ready for a fight. I could see Joe, the top turret gunner, through my rear hatch. He was just climbing into his turret when the MIGS opened fire.

Did you ever see a man torn in half by cannon fire? It's not a pretty sight.

Just then, one of the engines blew up. I ran to the pilot's compartment, only to find his head sheared off by shrapnel.

The plane was in flames and I was the only man left, so I bailed out.

Right now, I'm standing up against a stone wall—a wall with seven North Korean guns pointed at me. There goes the signal.

"FIRE!"

Daniel Doiron, '55

### ALONE

The wind howled and the rain came down fast. Listening to the rhythm of the rain beating on the windows, I thought I heard some other noises. These sounds were very disturbing, as I was all alone in our big house.

Lying still in my warm, comfortable bed, I was too stricken with fear to move. The strange noises seemed to come closer and closer, then they seemed farther and farther away. I jumped every time I heard the rustling of leaves.

Wouldn't my parents ever get home? It seemed like hours since they had left to see some sick relative. They didn't usually leave me alone unless it was absolutely necessary. Oh, how I wished it would stop raining so that they would come home. That noise made me so jittery and this house was so big and creepy, although it was new.

Peeping out the window I saw some-



thing flying towards the house. Could it be . . . ? Of course, it was mom and dad. They knew that this night would be nerve-racking to any little robin who was just learning to fly and who was all alone in one of those new-fangled, five-room bird houses.

J. Luzzio, '54

### RESCUED BY SPRING

One chilly night when Jack Frost had painted a picturesque scene on the window, and beautiful snow came fluttering down from the heavens like a cotton blanket that was covering the earth, I slept soundly, snuggled in my warm, cozy bed. Suddenly a glittering vision appeared before me. It was a castle made from differently shaped icicles. It shone like a diamond and was the most gorgeous thing I had ever seen.

A tiny head popped out of one of the castle's windows and then faded away. Whether it was my curiosity about the figure or the beauty of the castle that lured me in I do not know, but I was soon entering the elegant door of the unimaginable castle.

The interior was even more impressing. A pure white door at the end of the ivory hall intrigued me. Hesitatingly, I put my hand on the oval-shaped door knob and ventured in. There, sitting before my eyes, was—Old Man Winter. He sat on a glowing throne of frozen snow. He had a white beard, bushy eyebrows, and much the same appearance as Santa, but a striking difference in disposition. Deep lines around his mouth gave the impression of a cross, irritable man. I stared in amazement, but not unnoticed, for no sooner had he seen me when he shouted a command, "Seize her. Throw her in the freezing compartment."

Tiny but strong men, unseen by me until now, grasped me in firm hands. I was thrown into a cold cell, to be later frozen.

After what seemed a hopeless wait, the door swung open. To my surprise it was not the men who had apprehended me, but a beautiful girl. She had golden hair, the fragrance of apple blossoms, a rosy pink dress, and was followed by Nature's

fresh, young children. She spoke in a charming and sociable manner.

"I am Spring. Don't worry, child, I will not harm you," she sweetly said. Her behavior gave me complete assurance and I walked with her out to the spot where I had first seen the castle.

Old Man Winter was jumping with rage as he said, "You can't send me away. I won't go. I refuse to let Spring come."

Calmly Spring cast a magic spell over the furious man and all his belongings. He disappeared, and the castle of winter changed to a castle of welcome and kindness.

That was weeks ago and now Spring and her flowers, birds, and new born beauties are dancing and singing merrily in the green meadows and fields. "Spring is here," they are announcing. Yes, Spring is here!

Beverlee Thomson, '54

### THE BASEBALL RHUBARB

A real honest-to-goodness baseball rhubarb is one of the most fascinating things that occur in baseball, our great national pastime. It is impossible to avoid one in the final stretch of the pennant race when two pennant contenders are battling it out in a "make-or-break" series. A baseball rhubarb is just as much a part of baseball as the homer or the hit-and-run is. Men like Mugsy McGraw and Leo "The Lip" Durocher made it famous and are synonymous with that word. On the receiving end of all the boos, catcalls, and insults is that staunch, stouthearted man in blue, a most controversial figure.

It's the final game of a crucial series between the two top teams of the league. The score is deadlocked as they go into the first half of the eighth. With runners on first and second and two men out, the clean-up batter steps up to the plate, brandishing two heavy bats menacingly. The players of both teams are perched on the top step of the dugout, scanning the batter with anxious eyes. The home team manager nervously paces up and down in the dugout as his coaches and ball players shout words of encouragement to the pitcher.

On the first pitch, there's a sizzling line drive into left field. The left fielder bobbles it momentarily, but recovers it quickly and guns a throw right on the dime to the waiting catcher. In a cloud of dust catcher, runner, spikes, and baseball are all one. The ump spreads his arms in the significant gesture and bellows, "Safe!"

At this decision, everyone in the park is on his feet booing vociferously, and hurling insults at the ump which grow louder in volume as the catcher, eyes glowering, makes for the umpire. First he tries to reason with him, but to no avail. Getting angrier by the second, he pokes his nose into the face of the unabashed man in blue. Both remove their masks and continue to shake their fingers in each other's faces, which have gradually grown from a light pink to the deepest shade of crimson.

Here the home team manager storms out of the dugout, fists clenched, eyes glowering with anger and fierce determination. The crowd, taking in this stormy scene with great relish, increases its booing to a most deafening pitch. The players are crowding around the irate skipper and the calm but staunch ump who has resolutely turned his back on the manager and, with all the fortitude he can muster, has turned a deaf ear, accompanied by a rather red face, on the insults and arguments of the enraged manager and players.

Finally, refusing to take it any longer, with a significant gesture of his thumb he points toward the showers!

Once again the ump's decision has prevailed. But who can deny the fact that the home team gave it the "old college try?"

Helen Mooradkanian, '55



## TALK OF THE SCHOOL

For the last time this year I'm giving you what I think is the talk of the school. It is a major subject and problem for some. And it is the most talked about subject at the present time—the PROM.

The Prom will be held in Stevens Hall as usual, with the dancing lasting from eight to eleven. Music will be provided by Freddie Saterial. The whole school seems to be buzzing as to who's going to the PROM with who. The prom com-

mittee have been meeting regularly with Miss Buckley and are now discussing the final plans for the PROM.

At the present, it seems as though there will be quite a crowd, including underclassmen. Girls, don't fret and frown if your favorite guy hasn't been dating you much. Maybe he's thinking of his financial status. By the way, maybe we girls had better take notice of this and not wait until the last week before we present Dad with the "Bill of the Year!" B. C.







# RECORD

## FRESHMAN CLASS NEWS

We, the Freshman Class of 1951-'52, wish to thank Mr. Hayes, the teachers, and the upperclassmen of Johnson for their fine display of patience and co-operation when we arrived to begin our quest for higher learning.

Our first day at Johnson taught us a lesson we will never forget—all rules must be obeyed and that no matter how unimportant they may seem to us, they are for our own good. We wish again to thank all those who made this, our first year at Johnson, one of the happiest of our lives.

Congratulations to Leonard Perkins and Michael Drummy who won the Brooks-Johnson Scholarship. Good luck at Brooks! M.M.

## SOPHOMORE CLASS

This is the last time the *Journal* goes to press before summer vacation. Have fun and don't get hurt! The class of 1954 must graduate with the same number that entered dear old Johnson High as freshmen in 1950. A nice summer to all!

M.L.

## JUNIOR CLASS REPORT

During the month of April, the members of the Junior Class received their class rings. A certain date was set, and each member was asked to report to the hall after school. A man from Caliri Jewelry store in Lawrence brought the rings over for us. Every member of our Junior Class feels proud of his class ring.

S.S.

## SENIOR CLASS NEWS

A committee has been formed to see if it would be possible to have a banquet on the night of graduation. If it is possible, the banquet will follow the graduation exercises.

On May 13, a committee from the Dr. Holt's Scholarship Fund spoke to the Seniors about applying for the scholarship. It is not a competitive scholarship but is limited to those entering the medical profession and is worth \$250. Members of the committee include Mrs. Bullock, Mr. McGrail, and Mr. Dooley chairman.

Plans are being made for the Senior Class Picnic to be held on the last day of school. Members of the picnic committee are: Mary Long, Joan Stoessel, Carolyn Dushame, Doug Alexander, John Haigh and Robert Cole. Plans have been made to go to Crane's Beach as has been the custom in the past. E.G.

## STUDENT COUNCIL REPORT

The hard-working Student Council of our school recently made plans to have a ping-pong tournament. The tournament was held in the hall and boys and girls in the four classes had a chance to compete for the prizes. The tournament was very carefully planned and proved to be a success. The pupils conducted themselves well during the tournament, which is a credit to our monitors.

The recess activities, inaugurated by the Student Council are once more working smoothly. We hope this will continue.

The Student Council meets only a few more times and is made up of a hard-working group of boys and girls trying to make our school a better place to work and have fun in. The Student Council should be congratulated for the splendid work it has thus far carried out in setting up the Honor Study Rooms, the ping-pong tournament, the Student Council dance, recess activities and various other activities. D.A.L.

## SCHOLARSHIPS

Many opportunities have been opened to the senior boys and girls of Johnson

High School in the way of scholarships. The various scholarships that are to be given are:

The Lawrence Club Scholarship of \$200.

The P. T. A. Scholarship of \$150.

The V. F. W. Auxiliary to Post 2104 Scholarship of \$100.

The North Andover Women's Club Scholarship of \$150.

The Sing-Mar Young Women's Club Scholarship of \$100.

Quota Club Scholarship to Lawrence General Hospital School of Nursing of \$150.

Doctor Holt Memorial Scholarship of \$250.

Through these scholarships many of our boys and girls will be given an opportunity to further their education in a school of higher learning. C.D.

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### RECESS ACTIVITIES

The recess activities are now rolling smoothly along once more, and unless we have any more misbehavior they shall continue. Let's keep our activities. Behave in the hall!

The ping-pong tournament was very successful. Robert Thomson, a senior, won first prize, and Richard Neal, a sophomore, won second prize. Medals will be awarded to these boys when they arrive. Congratulations, Bob and Dick! Much enthusiasm was shown by the pupils during the ping-pong tournament and good conduct prevailed throughout the program. D.L.

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### GUIDANCE REPORTS

Freshmen taking the Junior Business Training course at Johnson High School have been receiving practical demonstrations in consumer buying.

Tuesday morning, April 8, students were invited to attend a boys' style show in the school auditorium where suits, top coats, and accessories made of new materials were modeled by Ronald Noone, John Glennie, Earnest Harvey, Raymond Maynard and George Newton.

The show was staged under the direction of Mrs. Margaret Taylor and Thomas Macartney. The demonstrations have

a practical value in that they show the process of wise buying and the value of money.

This unit on consumer buying is under the direction of Miss M. Madeline Gillen, our school guidance counselor.

During the month of April two men came from Boston and gave the students interesting talks on different cuts of meat. They first explained the choice cuts on an imitation piece of meat, then later exhibited the real cuts. They showed how meat should be cut and how to make a cheap cut of meat delicious.

This exhibit was interesting and taught the principles of wise buying and economy.

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A film on different table settings, showing various sterling silver patterns, china, and glassware, was viewed by Johnson High School students. The film was in color and showed lovely table settings for different occasions. After the film, a display of silverware, china, and glassware was exhibited, showing correct settings for dinner, luncheon, or tea. Inexpensive as well as expensive china and silverware were used. Mrs. Leonard Albis and Miss Rita Hanna exhibited and explained the different settings and answered questions about the items.

J.L.

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### SCHOOL PLAY

The first performance of our annual school play "Smarter and Smoother" was held this year on May 23. The second performance was held May 9, having been postponed from April 24 because of the illness of a member of the cast.

The ticket committee, headed by Miss Torpey, took charge of the tickets, and all students helped sell them. The tickets chart, showing the amount each class had sold, was posted on the main bulletin board and was changed daily as the ticket returns were made. As always is the custom, one half of the ticket money raised by each class was deposited in its treasury. The senior class won the ticket race with 136 tickets and \$81.60; the sophomores came next with 120 tickets



sold and \$72.00; the juniors followed with 110 tickets and \$66.00; and the freshmen were in last place with 64 tickets sold and \$31.40.

The cast of the play worked very hard to perfect the play under the direction of Miss Donlan.

Through the joint efforts of the ticket committee and the play cast, both performances of "Smarter and Smoother" were well attended and very much enjoyed. M.J.L.

### TENNIS CLINIC

A tennis clinic was conducted by Mr. Harold Duncan, Tennis Pro., on Saturday, May 10, from 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M. This clinic was conducted with the co-operation of the North Andover Mariner Troop 7, Y.W.C.A., and Johnson High School.

A very profitable and enjoyable time was had by all.

In the near future, another Tennis clinic will be held at the Ships' Haven Tennis Courts. C.D.

### COMMERCIAL CLUB

Recently, the members of the Commercial Club visited the McIntosh Business School in Lawrence and the Lawrence Telephone Company. They were taken on a tour through both buildings and were shown how the telephone company operated. These trips were highly valuable and enjoyed by all. C.K.

### COMMERCIAL DESIGN CLUB

The club members have been discussing the plans for the new high school and have been making some timely suggestions. They also discussed different types of Gothic and Arabic architecture. C.K.

### BOOSTERS' CLUB

At the last Boosters' Club meeting, the club discussed manners in looking for a job. It also decided to go to Salisbury Beach for its annual picnic. J.M.

### ART CLUB

The Art Club has just completed a scrap book for a veterans' hospital. It

has decided to go to Canobie Lake on its annual picnic. J.M.

### ATHLETIC CLUB

At the last Athletic Club meeting, the members played tennis and volleyball. It was decided to give the dues back to the members rather than go on a picnic at the end of the year. J.M.

### DRAMATIC CLUB

The Dramatic Club held a very successful fashion show several weeks ago. At the last meeting some of the members participated in a debate: "Should the Age for Obtaining a Driver's License be Raised to Eighteen?" The club members not participating in this debate picked the best speaker.

The club plans to go to Canobie Lake for an outing the last time club meets for the year. E.S.

### KNITTING AND SEWING CLUB

Most of the members have finished making their socks, skirts, etc. The club plans to go to Canobie Lake the next time clubs meet. E.S.

### BLOCK PRINTING CLUB

The club members have been doing a lot of block printing. They have made place mats, napkins, skirts and aprons.

They plan to have a small party and refreshments at the next meeting.

### THE HOBBY CLUB

The club enjoyed a small party complete with refreshments at the last meeting. They plan to go to Canobie Lake when they hold the last meeting. E.S.

### CHEFS' CLUB

At the last meeting the Chefs' Club scrubbed tables and cleaned cabinets in Room 4 until they were sparkling. Then they enjoyed cake and ice cream.

The club plans to have a picnic at Kingston when they meet for their last club period. They will enjoy swimming, eating and ball playing. On the menu will be frankfurts and hamburgers with rolls, watermelon, tonic, etc. E.S.

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## SPORTS

### GIRLS' SPORTS

At a recent meeting of the Girls' Basketball Team, Joanne Greene was elected captain for the 1952-1953 basketball season. We are sure the team will go on to many victories with Joanne as its capable leader.

The team is also making plans for a week-end trip to York Beach in the near future. Everyone is anticipating having a good time.

Congratulations go to the girls who were awarded letters. C.K.

### BOYS' SPORTS

The Johnson-Burlington game officially opened the Johnson baseball season.

With an overwhelming 29 bases on balls, Johnson went on to whip Burlington 13-7.

Both teams were deadlocked 7-7 for the first few innings, then Burlington failed to register and Johnson, taking advantage of this opportunity, scored 6 runs, clinching the game and proving themselves victorious in their first baseball battle of the season.

The meeting between Johnson and Chelmsford put an almost irreparable dent in Johnson's pride as Warren Bill, a southpaw, only gave up one hit to Doug Alexander in the first inning, forcing Johnson to reluctantly face a defeat of 10-0.

Doug Alexander homered in the 6th, with none on base, bringing Johnson within one run of tying Wilmington at that stage of the game.

In the seventh inning Johnson knotted the count, and kept it tied until the top half of the 11th inning when Wilmington scored two runs, edging Johnson out of a possible victory with a score of 6-5.

Johnson, backing Jimmy McMurray's strategic 6-hit pitching, defeated Howe,

at Billerica, by a score of 7-5. Johnson did most of its scoring in the early innings and then kept the Howe runs well scattered in the remaining few.

Scoring in three innings and taking advantage of six Tewksbury misplays, the Black and Red nine hung an 11-9 baseball win over Tewksbury, giving Johnson three wins and two losses.

Played one day later than scheduled, Johnson competed against Methuen on wind-swept Grogan's Field with the latter being victorious by a score of 7-4. This was Johnson's sixth game of the season, and she had been defeated twice before, the score was Johnson—three wins and three losses.

Another defeat descended on Johnson when she lost to Punchard on May 9th. The Black and Red's rival scored 7 runs to Johnson's 1.

Resulting as another defeat, the game between Johnson and Burlington was played on schedule. Four times the lead changed hands and once it was tied. Still, in spite of the fact that Johnson spread its scoring out over four innings, eight Burlington runs in the second gave the invaders the lift they needed to come on and win it with three more runs in the eighth.

The game between Chelmsford and Johnson was called on account of rain, but the star of the game, McMurray, who is credited with ten strikeouts and ten walks, had Chelmsford eating out of the palm of his hand. He engaged in a pitching duel with Warren Bill, the Chelmsford star who gave up but two hits, one by McMurray and one by Johnny Belyea. At the end of six innings the score was 0-0.

This is my final report, but there are still five more games to be played. The present standing is three victories and five defeats for Johnson. R.K.





# HUMOR

I did my best to show him how  
To hold his lips just so;  
I told him to be ready when  
I gave the signal "GO!"  
He pursed his lips and closed his eyes  
And did what he was told—  
It's hard to learn to whistle  
When a lad is three years old.

\* \* \* \* \*

There was a young lady of Kent  
Whose nose was awfully bent.  
She followed her nose  
One day I suppose—  
And no one knows where she went.

\* \* \* \* \*

## TOMBSTONE READING

Beneath these stones, a lump of clay  
Lies Uncle Peter Daniels  
Who too early in the month of May  
Took off his winter flannels.

Here rests poor Mrs. Bill Mummers,  
Her weary heart sprung a bad leak  
When her daughter of seventeen summers  
Stayed home every night for a week.

\* \* \* \* \*

## QUOTES FROM NEWSPAPERS

THUGS EAT THEN ROB  
PROPRIETOR.

PRISONERS ESCAPE FROM FARM  
PRISON AFTER EXECUTION.

Mrs. Jones let a can-opener slip last  
week and cut herself severely in the  
pantry.

First love is only a little foolishness and  
a lot of curiosity.

The old believe everything;  
The middle-aged suspect everything;  
The young know everything.

\* \* \* \* \*

Fashion is a form of ugliness so intoler-  
able that we have to alter it every six  
months.

\* \* \* \* \*

Prof.—"A fool can ask more questions  
than a wise man can answer."

Student—"No wonder so many of us  
flunk our exams."

\* \* \* \* \*

Absent-minded Prof.—"I forgot to  
take my umbrella with me this morning."

Wife—"When did you miss it?"

Prof.—"When I reached up to close it  
after the rain had stopped."

\* \* \* \* \*

First Freshman in Math exam—"How  
far are you from the right answer?"

Second Freshman in Math exam —  
"Two seats."

\* \* \* \* \*

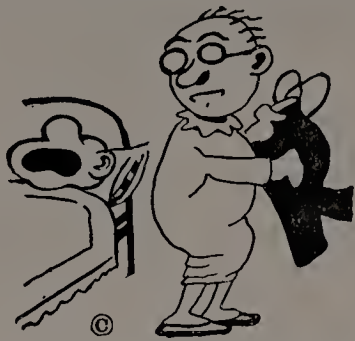
A High School Freshman was being  
severely criticized by his professor.

"Your last paper was very difficult to  
read," said the professor. "Your work  
should be so written that even the most  
ignorant will be able to understand it."

"Yes, sir," said the student. "What  
part didn't you get?"

*We are indebted to current publications for  
our jokes.*





## EXCHANGES

*The Western Graphic*, Colorado Women's College, Denver, Colorado. Your campus certainly must be humming, according to all your various activities listed in the *Graphic*. I should imagine you were excited at meeting baseball stars such as Bobby Thomson, Sal Maglie and Barney McCosky! Some of my fellow students would probably have given their eye teeth for an introduction.

Johnson has a Student Council which has worked out quite successfully and we all hope you induct one at Denver. Best of luck.

Congratulations to you for winning the Medalist Award for your paper, which places you among the top ten percent for publications in that division.

\* \* \* \* \*

*The Lasell News*, Auburndale, Massachusetts. With your permission I'd like to borrow a joke from your March 28 issue.

The school teacher was endeavoring to drum into her small students the fundamentals of arithmetic.

"Now, listen," she said rather desperately, "in order to subtract, things have to be of the same denomination. This is what I mean; you couldn't take three apples from eight peaches. It must be three apples from four apples, and six peaches from eight peaches, and so on. Do you understand now?"

The majority of children seemed to grasp the idea. One chubby-faced youngster, very near the bottom of the class, however, raised a timid hand.

"Please, teacher," he said, rather shyly, "you can take three quarts of milk from two cows."

### COMMENTS ABOUT US FROM OTHER PAPERS AND MAGAZINES

*Oracle*, Wilmington High School, Wilmington, Massachusetts. "The *Johnson*

*Journal* is to be congratulated on the fine editorial about drugs. If more young people would read this editorial and realize the damage that drugs are doing in our country perhaps this dreadful enemy could be stopped. They are ruining this country, and will ruin its people unless something is done immediately. The *Johnson Journal* should also be congratulated on the fine reporting job done on the many clubs that are operating in Johnson High School."

*The Aegis*, Beverly High School, Beverly, Massachusetts. "The *Johnson Journal*, North Andover: Your 1951 April and June issues were strong in the literary and humor departments. In the April issue, 'Flying Discs' by Florence Towne really aroused my curiosity. 'Nothing' by Dana E. Freeman was a clever article in the June issue. How about interviewing captains, coaches, or team members for sports features?"

*Blue and White*, Methuen High School, Methuen, Massachusetts. "Enjoyed reading your paper, especially about the many clubs you have. Wish we had a few of them!"

*The Sagamore*, Brookline High School, Brookline, Massachusetts.

### BARTERED AND BORROWED:

From the *Johnson Journal*

Mr. Finneran, one day in S. S. S.:

"Can anyone tell me what a budget is?"

Punky: "A family quarrel."

Because this is the last issue of the *Johnson Journal* for which I shall have the pleasure of writing the exchanges, I should like to express my appreciation to those other schools and colleges who sent their papers and publications. I have enjoyed reading and doing the exchanges, and I would like to extend my best wishes to the future exchange editors of the *Johnson Journal*.



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